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J. J. JARVES, Editor.

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COMMUNICATED.

PASSAGE

THROUGH THE STRAITS OF MAGELLAN—
In the Schooner *Morse of Boston*—98 tons (Late the *United States Revenue Cutter Crawford*.)

Continued from No. 3.

While our men were employed in the various necessary duties of wooding, watering, &c., I strolled along the shore in search of game; met with but few fowls. They were wild ducks and divers. Near the S. W. point of the harbor is the entrance to a river—with a deposite of sand at its mouth, of a horse shoe shape. I followed the river up for about a mile—its waters were rather shallow and choked up with drift wood and fallen trees. Wishing to make a short cut over to the harbor, I entered a thick wood which lay before me; I had not been long in it however before I became lost in the labyrinth of underwood. I became alarmed. The sun was obscured by the trees; I saw nothing that could serve me as a guide through. The thought of being likely to die of cold and starvation came over me for a moment with withering effect. Robinson Crusoe like, I got up into one of the tallest trees to take my bearings—but neither hill or sun or any thing else that might serve to tell me of my position and true course to the harbor could be seen. As I was descending, the branch on which I stood gave way, and precipitated me to the bottom. The ground being thickly covered with snow prevented serious injury. I rose with feelings of despair. Wandering about for an hour or more, I at last emerged into a clear space in the forest and once more beheld the glorious sun, shining in all his majesty; to me a bea-

con light, pointing the way to life and preservation. With much difficulty I made my way to the shores of the harbor—thankful for my escape from the death which I had been threatened with—and resolved never again to enter an unknown wood. Port Famine is an excellent harbor, with good holding ground and well sheltered from the prevailing winds—plenty of wood and water—some game. We saw but one deer, and were fortunate enough to shoot it. This harbor appears to have been much frequented. We saw many grave stones or boards—some of them with inscriptions telling the fate of the poor mariner who sleeps beneath.

With a light air from the N. W. and pleasant weather, we got underweigh on the morning of the 27 July, and stood towards Cape St. Isidro, when abreast of the Bay of St. Nicholas the wind hauled to the westward, with threatening appearances of a snow-storm—we therefore judged it prudent to seek shelter in the bay just named. Came too, in 11½ fathoms water about half way between a small islet in the bay and the shore or base of the Peak of Nodales—which is a high mountain forming the western side of the bay—and affording shelter from the westerly gales. Here we were detained at anchor seven days—and never before did I experience such stormy weather. The wind generally blew from the S. W. rolling down the mountain's side in veins and with terrific violence. No one who has not experienced these mountain gusts can conceive a proper idea of their force. They are called by the sealers, "Williwas." Ships at anchor are tossed about by them like corks upon the water. Boats hung at a vessels quarter, unless well secured by gribes are blown away. During our detention at this place a great quantity of snow fell—and whenever the wind hauled to the south the cold was very severe. On the 5th August we made another attempt to get westward. The wind was light and ahead. We therefore were obliged to turn to windward and passed Cape Froward in the afternoon. This Cape is the most southern point of the continent of America. At dark just perceived the entrance of the small cove which lies in Wood's bay, under the lee of Cape Holland. The weather appearing unpromising, we became anxious to reach a shelter before a storm came on—we therefore stood boldly for the little cove above named;—owing to the darkness of the night and irregularity of soundings in the bay, the vessel (at her stem) unfortunately touched upon the sand bank which extends off from the northern shore. So gently however did the vessel strike and so bold was the bank that we were not aware of the fact until the anchor was let go—when it dropped in seven feet

water! The lead at the same time showing five fathoms water under the stern—and 9 feet amidships! We made some attempts to haul her off, but they were rendered ineffectual in consequence of the tide being upon the ebb. At the next flood tide, the vessel was got off without the least difficulty or damage. The night was stormy and the wind in the straits blew hard, but we were well sheltered in a snug place. This bay is an excellent place to wood and water.

The climate, from Cape Froward to this place appeared much milder than to the eastward—the mountains for half the distance from the shore upwards—were free from snow—the leaves upon the trees were quite green.

From Wood's Bay we beat up to Fortescue Bay—the wind blowing out, and night approaching, we ran over to the opposite shore and came to anchor about dusk among Charles's Islands. The harbor is a good one and formed by the three islands of which the group is composed. At the the proper anchorage the water is perfectly smooth being well sheltered from all winds. The position taken up by us was too far out in the passage to the N. W. entrance—being exposed to the westerly wind and swell. There are three outlets from the harbor of these islands—one to the N. W., S. W., and S. E. Each of them are however difficult of egress. The latter passage ought never to be attempted; being very narrow with many straggling rocks at its mouth and subject to baffling winds. The two former are also narrow, and rendered difficult by the prevailing winds drawing into their passages. Judging from the tops of the trees on these islands being pressed towards the S. E. the winds from the N. W. blow here for the most part of the year. After another week's detention by stormy thick weather and head winds, we beat out through the N. W. passage of the Islands and towards Elizabeth Bay on the northern shore of the Straits. At dark we came to anchor near Passage Point. The weather very thick from falling snow. Next day made another attempt to advance to the westward—but owing to the thick snow and blowing weather, did not reach farther than the bay which makes in a little to the eastward of York Roads.

Thursday, Aug. 15. At meridian the weather cleared up—wind still from the westward—got under weigh and beat to windward.

To be continued.

From the Knickerbocker.—Continued from No. 3.

"How much did you say it was?"—three-and-sixpence?" asked the lady.

"Four-and-six-pence, if you please, ma'am," said the driver.

"O, four-and-six-pence!" And after a good deal of fumbling, and shaking of her pockets, she at last produced a

half dollar, and a York shilling, and put them into the driver's hand.

"That is not enough, ma'am," said the driver; "I want nine-pence more."

"What!—aint we in York state?" she asked, eagerly.

"No, ma'am," replied the driver; "it is six shillings, York money."

"Well," said the lady, "I used to be quite good at reckoning, when I was to home, in the state of New-Hampshire; I've reckoned up many a fish voyage; but since I have got so fur from home, I b'lieve I am beginning to lose my mental faculties."

"I'll take that other nine-pence, if you please, ma'am," said the driver, in a voice approaching a little nearer to impatience. At last, after making allusion two or three times more to her native state, and her deceased husband, (happy man!) she handed the driver his nine-pence, and we were in motion. Although my fellow travellers remained silent all the time she was disputing with the driver, yet they looked as though they were wishing the New-Hampshire lady some of the worst wishes that could be imagined.

"Do you think it's dan-gerous on this road?" began the lady, as soon as the door was closed. "I am a very lengthy way from home, in the state of New-Hampshire; and if any thing should happen, I do n't know what I should do. I am quite unfamiliar with travelling; and I hope you won't think me obtrusive; I am a widow lady; my husband, this little girl's father, has been dead these two years, come this spring; and I am going with her to the Springs: she has got a dreadful bad complaint in her stomach. Are you going to the Springs, Sir?" she said, addressing herself to the invalid, who shook his head in reply.

"Ah; are you going, Sir?" she said, addressing the humorist.

"No, I am not," he replied; "and if I were—" But the contingency was inwardly pronounced.

"Are you?" she asked, turning to me.

"No!"

Ah, I am very sorry; I should like to put myself under the care of some clever gentleman; it is so awful unpleasant for a lady to be so fur from home, without a protector. I am from the state of New-Hampshire, and this is the first time I ever went a-travelling in my life. Do you know any body in New-Hampshire?"

"No, madam, I do not," said the humorist, "and I hope you will excuse me for saying that I never wish to."

"Well, now that is very strange," continued the gossip; "I hav'n't met a single soul that I know, since I left home; and I am in a public way, too; I follow school-keepin,' mostly, for an occupation; and I am acquainted with all the first people in the state. I have been a school-teacher ever since my husband died, this poor little girl's father, two years ago; I am very well known in Rocky-bottom, Rockingham county, in the state of New-Hampshire; I know all the first gentlemen in the place. There's Squire Goodwin, Squire Cushman, Mr. Timothy Havens, Mr. Zaccheus Upham, Doctor David—"

"Heavens and earth! exclaimed the humorist, "I can't stand this! Driver! stop, and let me get out!"